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Contents



FRONTISPICE.....	<i>Adapted by Mary Lamb</i>
THE MADONNA IN ART.....	Mary Elizabeth Keister
SONNET.....	Virginia Dalton
HE ASKED ME ONCE.....	Susanne Ketchum
FROM MY BEANSTALK.....	Lee Blauvelt
TO ONE WHO IS AFRAID.....	Arline Fonville
"ALL THE DEAD—"	Helene Coogan
GROWTH.....	M. D.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND A LIFE.....	Julia Watson
THE SONG OF THE HARP.....	Fionne MacMonra
TORTURE.....	Elizabeth Anne Block
EDITORIAL	
RESTORATION.....	M. D.
BOOK REVIEWS.....	Yount, Willis, McIver
LEMON OR RASPBERRY A LA HEMINGWAY.....	K. Bonitz
THE ART OF BLUFFING.....	A. Coogan, E. Miller
THE ADVENTURER.....	Susanne Ketchum
NONSENSE.....	"Jimmie"
ON BEHAVIOR IN CHAPEL.....	Phoebe Jane Bobbitt
SONNET.....	Arline Fonville





Linoleum block adapted by Mary Lamb

The Madonna in Art

By MARY ELIZABETH KEISTER

GREAT art, it has been said, is for all time, and is therefore independent of time. It is of all ages, and of every land. When we consider the Madonna as a subject for a work of art, we find this a peculiarly applicable statement. The Madonna as the universal type of mother has an undying appeal. The subject is as old as the centuries throughout which artist after artist has poured forth his soul in a holy contemplation of the Mother's purity and sacred beauty; at the same time, it is as ever new as the eternal spirit of Christmas.

When we deal with the Madonna as a subject for pictorial representation, we are dealing with one of the oldest subjects in the annals of Christian art. The oldest Madonnas which still remain to us today are to be found in the fine old mosaics of the splendid Byzantine churches. Despite the faulty proportioning, the stiff and emaciated forms, and the morose expression, the immortal Mother emerges, in a wealth of jewel-like color, rich as no other medium affords richness. She is splendid and impressive, yet formidable and lifeless, for in the early days of the church the Fathers gave little encouragement to art. Their gloomy dogmatism was satisfied with the stiffness and formality of mosaics, and so the earliest Madonna is stony not alone in substance but likewise in sentiment.

The first great master to break away from the fixed type of Byzantine art and to use the brush for a more flexible rendering of the Madonna subjects was the Florentine painter Cimabue. His Virgins and his Babies are not beautiful for they are entirely without plastic form, their faces elongated, their eyes large and staring, their heads far out of proportion to their withered bodies, but they represent a great stride forward, for Cimabue, more than any other man of his time, was learning to look at real things and at living people and not to copy blindly from his predecessors as all other painters before him had done. We find in Cimabue's altar-pieces and in his frescos only a limited range of colors—gray-blues, terra cotta reds, with touches of gold.

It is a far cry indeed from a Cimabue Madonna, drab, wooden, formal, and destitute of beauty to a Raphael Madonna, sensitive and refined to the highest point of delicacy. A far cry, yes. But steadily, step by step, out of a formidable and stony Madonna the great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries evolved one possessing a deep inner significance, neither too worldly nor too ethereal, which, for masterful

composition, great draughtsmanship, and rich and luminous color, has scarcely been equalled and has never been surpassed.

Some hundred years following Cimabue's remarkable innovations in the painting of Madonnas, lived a holy monk who prayed before taking up his brushes and covered the walls of a monastery with his celestial visions. Fra Angelico it was who conceived an entirely different type of Madonna—young, delicate, timid, no longer proud and stern. He was a master of brilliant and sparkling color, flower-like, as pure and permanent as a jewel. In spite of their faulty anatomy and uncertain perspective, Fra Angelico's shy little Madonnas, seen in a dim chapel by the flicker of altar candles, seem at some time or another, every person's ideal of the Mother of God.

In the work of Botticelli, we see the process of the transformation from mediæval to Renaissance ideals of art completed. We find in his work a depth and solidity in the rendering of human forms and drapery, and in addition glimpses of delicately painted landscape. Moreover, in his portrayal of individual character, he takes an enormous step ahead of his predecessors. His exquisite Madonnas all wear an expression of tender melancholy, but each one is a living individual, different in personality from all the others, immensely tender, wistful, and haunting, already worlds removed from the drab and negative Madonnas of Cimabue and the primitives.

One would expect that great intellectual giant, Leonardo da Vinci, to create a Madonna as elusive and as enigmatical as himself. His are indeed unforgettable Virgins of a divine serenity and charm. Flawless mothers fashioned for the ages. He was among the first to bring the Madonna and the Christ Child down from lofty thrones, out of the heavens, away from the ministering hands of angels and to set them down in natural landscapes of remarkable beauty. His Madonnas are enchanting and youthful—monumental examples of science and sentiment, perfectly fused. Their faces are refined and delicate, the modelling is perfection itself, and the flesh painting is unequalled in all art.

Andrea del Sarto, faultless painter that he was, created a novel and enduring type of Madonna. In warm, rich tones he painted her, with soft curls and her great dark eyes, bathed in a glowing and luminous atmosphere. The dignity of his women combined with their great ease of pose, their proud bearing without a hint of affectation, their exquisite mingling of pride and simplicity shows Andrea's perfection of craftsmanship and his sensitiveness to the spirit of his subject.

But after all when one breathes the word "Madonna" does the very

The CORADDI

utterance call up visions of a glittering mosaic high in the dome of some magnificent Eastern church? Does it even bring a vision of the haunting and mysterious beauty of one of Leonardo's Virgins? No, it took that joyous "Prince of Painters" Raphael Sanzio to paint Madonnas a world will never forget. His immortal portrayals of maternal love combine formal beauty with an underlying symbolism. His lovely mothers possess a grave sweetness, a perfect mingling of worldliness and ethereality. In his short and crowded life, the painter, whose personal charm and beauty almost equalled the charm and beauty of his works, executed an almost infinite number of Madonnas, each one more perfect than the last. In the presence of any one of his glorious Mothers one seems surrounded by an atmosphere of earthly beauty mingled with holiness where heads should be bowed and voices hushed in loving adoration. The Madonnas of Raphael sum up the creative artistic genius of an age that will ever stand unique in the art history of the world.



Sonnet

I hear the thousand voices of the earth
Whispering only things that I have known:—
Things of a present-past that is not gone;
Yet if I know not meaning or true worth,
What sign is that? My balanced grief and mirth
Are but one fragment that the world has known,
For from a thousand throats—from silent stone
I con the lesson of its age-old birth.
The world is little changed: the marigold
That grows beside the fence with aural speech
Would recognize its ancestor of old.
What was, *is* in some form. The voices teach:
When all was here creative work was done.
True: “There is nothing new beneath the sun!”

VIRGINIA DALTON



He Asked Me Once

He asked me, once, to be his bride,
But I was not so easily wooed—
I'd wait until he twice had tried.
He asked me once to be his bride,
But he would not be twice denied.
My answer, then, I long have rued—
He asked me *once* to be his bride,
But I was not so easily wooed.

SUSANNE KETCHUM

From My Beanstalk

What! the tenth of November, I must hie me to my beanstalk!

Up, up, up—some folks say that beanstalk climbing's easy; they never tried this one—up, up, up—it's slick as a whistle. From my climbing maybe, I never thought of that. Up, up, up—

"Ho, Giant," yes, it's I. I climbed up for a while; it's the tenth of November, you know, and Diane's birthday. No, you needn't come along; I'll go alone today. Good day, Giant!

Now let's see, three giant steps that way and two this way, that ought to bring me to the place where the sky is thinning. Sure enough here it is! It's just a little loophole but it's big enough to see that a world of flaming maples are lighted up for you. And the grass has spread an extra green for dancing elves tonight; I know they'll dance tonight, on your birthday, of course they will! Two days of rain have washed the sun who splinters beams on drops of dew. That's it; the most beautiful drop of dew in all the world will be my gift to you, all the colors in one little ball; and if you look closely enough the world is in it too.

Two days of rain so this could be the most beautiful day of all the year. It's your birthday, no wonder!

Well, I must get me down again.

LEE BLAUVELT



To One Who Is Afraid

He who is dumb at Beauty's blows,
 Finding speech too inadequate
Wears branded on his soul the scars
 That time cannot obliterate.

Thus in some eyes I find inscribed
 The whole of Beauty's alphabet;
For though its letters be not used,
 Who learns it once does not forget.

ARLINE FONVILLE

“All the Dead---”

By HELENE COOGAN

M R. VARICK paused at the church door. He bowed to the woman in black. He could not place her momentarily, but she seemed to know him. Lots of people whom he did not know knew Mr. Varick. He felt hot. His waistcoat fitted too tightly. He must see his tailor tomorrow. No, change his tailor. That one made his waistcoats too small, then insinuated—. He was in perfect physical condition. He did, of course, have a slight suggestion of a roll over his collar. And his waistline wasn't inverted, but then he was no young man.

He watched some of the mill hands go in the church, and noted with a smile which he attempted to repress, how each went out of his way to address his or her “good morning” to him, Timothy R. Varick, owner and sole boss of Timothy R. Varick Woolens Mills, Inc. He bowed and spoke to the pastor most cordially. He and the pastor understood each other. Timothy remembered the day the pastor made the announcement of the pew seats he had given the church. He straightened up. His hands he noticed with satisfaction were white and soft. He liked to look at them. He did not see that they were pudgy and fat too, so he posed them carefully over his stick.

The pastor was talking. Timothy didn't hear a word that he was saying. He was aware of sounds but that was all. He added “Yes, of course,” in the proper places, and “Most certainly,” when needed. A small boy was eyeing him. Something about the boy's looks bothered Mr. Varick. The lad yelled to a friend running up the walk. Both of them ducked inside. Mr. Varick looked benignly toward heaven. His neck hurt. He looked down again. A girl coming up the path said, “Isn't he the most dignified thing?” Mr. Varick straightened, compressed his waistline, and glanced up. The girl was still speaking.

She was an exquisite child with a clear, olive skin and a head that poised lightly over her full firm throat. Mr. Varick looked once more. The girl was staring entranced at a large collie standing by the wall, waving his tail in the dignified manner of an Ethiopian slave warding flies from his master. Mr. Varick noticed suddenly how rough the girl's hands were, how shrill her voice. He involuntarily thumped his cane on the ground. The pastor started at the sound of it. Mr. Varick mumbled something quite inaudible and together they opened the wide door and walked slowly down the aisle.

As he slid into his pew, Mr. Varick noted with annoyance that a man was already seated at the far end of his pew. A mill hand at that! Mr. Varick's Sunday benignity was beginning to be lost in Monday morning irritability. He glowered in the man's direction, but the mill hand was saying his beads and was not aware of anything about him.

Mr. Varick opened his prayer book. He began to read, following the lines with his fingers, and not getting much sense out of the prayers—just words; but he had done this for years, reading each Sunday, and truly presenting the picture of the devout parishioner that he was.

The girl across the aisle suddenly dropped her prayer book. It fell with a thud, and the scraping of the kneeling bench against the floor was like running a piece of squeaky chalk down a blackboard.

The woman directly in front of Mr. Varick said, "Don't!" without turning around; but her fingers tightened around her beads, and her shoulders hunched up.

The man at the far end of the pew kept on muttering. He mumbled quite audibly, and his ruddy face perspired as he applied himself with the one concentrated effort of the week. Mr. Varick was not aware how much it was taking to go all the way through the rosary without thinking once of the beer at Kelley's parlor. Mr. Varick was not concentrating much on prayers. It led one to ideas about religion which were best let alone.

Do your duty and let the priests worry about the rest was Mr. Varick's point of view.

The tenor as usual was off key. He sang with much gusto, however, and prolonged the "Amens" as long as he could. The soprano glared angrily at him, and then still more angrily at the small girl, who, behind her was taking this chance to smile down from the choir loft at an equally small boy in the middle of the church. Mr. Varick for about the third time, lost the place in the prayer book. He wished the ushers would hurry up and take up the collection.

He watched the small altar boy's patent leather shoes sticking out from under his shirt. He suddenly thought of a time when he had been in that lad's place. Forty years ago! He brushed a hand across his forehead and was surprised to find it damp. "They really ought to have a better system of ventilation in here," he thought angrily; "there's no excuse for this."

The man at the end of the pew was starting his beads again.

Mr. Varick glared at him for the second time and opened his missal.

Just then the ushers thrust the collection plate under his nose. Mr. Varick slammed down the missal, and jabbed his hands into his pockets. As he laid his bill on the plate, he noticed one of a larger denomination already there. It was too late to change his. He reached for his pocket; then suddenly he realized the usher had gone.

Of all the confounded nerve! The fellow at the end of the pew. Mr. Varick wiped off his glasses, and peered nearsightedly over at the man. It was Brown. Mr. Varick had fired Brown the week before because he had led a protest against mill conditions. What right had he to put such a large sum of money in the collection? Next thing, he would be around asking for food for his family. That's the way these mill hands were—didn't know what to do with money when they did have it.

Why, he was nothing but a dirty polack buying his way to Heaven! Buying his way. He suddenly wondered if anybody thought he, Timothy R. Varick, was trying to buy his way to Heaven. Of course he wasn't—what nonsense. They knew better than that, didn't they? What made him think of that?

He was restless, somehow this morning. It must be the heat. Why did that fool Brown do such things? He wondered if the pastor knew he had fired Brown. The pastor was apt to interfere too much in matters of that kind. Rather an old woman, the pastor, about some things.

He found himself staring into space, and looked up rather guiltily to see if any one were noticing him.

By this time the little girl in the choir was talking in sign language to the small boy below her, and he, with muffled giggles, was answering. Here and there in the congregation people were beginning to notice them—some amused, others extremely annoyed.

Mr. Varick thought the ushers ought to do something about it. His eyes searched for one, but they had all disappeared—to count the collection he thought. The idea brought back the picture of the bill—confound Brown anyway!

The small boy was quite oblivious to all that was going on around him, so it was useless to try and silence him without getting up and tapping him on the shoulder, and Timothy had not quite got to that point of irritation, but it would not take much to send him there.

He looked up to the choir loft at the small girl. He could not catch her eye either, but as she raised one hand to say something Mr. Varick's eye followed the motion.

Behind her was a huge stained-glass window with a picture of a

man standing with snakes under his feet. And underneath was the inscription "To the beloved memory of John Hobbs, erected by his wife, Ella Hobbs."

The saint may have been Patrick. Timothy did not know. He only knew the face of the saint reminded him of John Hobbs. Strange that, too—for Hobbs had a round face and this fellow had a long narrow one. Hobbs' eyes. That's what it must be—Hobbs' eyes.

He had fired Hobbs once, he remembered, for the same reason he had fired Brown—stirring up trouble among the hands.

Hobbs had picketed at the gates for two days in the rain; then he got pneumonia and died. Mr. Varick sweated a little. He remembered what Ella Hobbs had said to him, "You killed him—not pneumonia—you know you killed him, Mr. Varick." They had taken her away screaming.

It was, of course, too bad—but business was business—and there was no doubt that Hobbs had been stirring up trouble. You couldn't explain that to a woman very well—and least of all to a woman whose husband had just died. He had tried to do what was right for them—of course he had.

He paid the undertaker for the funeral; but Ella Hobbs had come to him, and thrown the money in his face. "Oh no, you don't, Mr. Varick—blood money—well, I won't take it! You can have it. I hope you crawl on the ground some day like the snake that you are—"

He stared fascinated at the window. Saint Patrick with snakes under his feet. The Saint stared righteously down at him.

"Stop staring at me, John Hobbs," he said to himself, "You're no Saint; you never were a Saint—nothing but a communist, hipped on workers' rights—with hysterical, half-baked ideas about workers' pensions. Yes they were hysterical and tom-fool. They were, they were, they were."

The Saint only stared straight ahead of him. Did Mr. Varick hear John Hobbs' mild voice say, "Tom-fool, no, not so tom-fool at that?"

Mr. Varick looked around. The small boy was grinning his way. Then Varick straightened his tie and rubbed his forehead. He was upset. It was hot, and that confounded child—.

"Had he," he suddenly wondered, "been talking out loud? That was nonsense—just like all the rest of these crazy thoughts of his—utter nonsense." He looked back at the window, began to make sure it *was* only a glass saint, and this time he thought he detected a faint smile on the lips of the Saint. "What about Brown?" Wasn't it really a voice

in his ear? "Is Brown going to be killed, too? Brown won't sit down and take it that way, you know. Don't you hope it rains?"

Suddenly the pastor's voice spoke out into the church and echoed against the walls. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for: 'Whatsoever a man soweth so shall he reap'."

Timothy felt his collar getting tighter and tighter, and the glass saint stared down at him maliciously, and felt moist skin against his neck. "God, a snake!" But it was only his own wet hand trying to pull the collar away from his throat.

Mr. Varick got up suddenly. He stumbled over the kneeling bench, and it clattered harshly. Most of the people stared curiously at him and the little boy grinned at him. "Be not deceived." Oh, God, it was hot! Mrs. Hobbs looked up at him as he passed up the aisle. "Something's bothering the old man a powerful lot," she whispered to her sister. "I hope to hell it hurts hard'n that afore he's done," she added sourly.

Once outside the door Mr. Varick looked about him wildly. One would think he almost expected to meet John Hobbs face to face in the church yard. But there was only the warm sun shining down on the tombstones. Mr. Varick even looked over in the corner where John Hobbs had been laid to rest; and he found the grass green and soft and a small vase of flowers near the headstone.

In his relief Timothy R. turned toward the church and shouted, "To hell with you and your snakes—you rotten communist," but if anyone heard him they did not answer, and nothing disturbed the quiet sunlit yard. Mr. Varick suddenly felt very foolish—very foolish indeed. Why did the heat play such ghastly tricks on one? He had a slight pain too. He wondered what he had eaten that morning. He went across the street and called up the house, and soon James appeared with the car, fresh and clean, quiet and respectful, and Mr. Varick felt the peace of Sunday coming back once more. But not entirely. There was still that faint suggestion of a staring glass-saint with a foot on snakes, in the back of his brain, and a dull reminder of a pain about his heart.

As Mr. Varick went into his library door he said to William, "Be sure and dismiss all visitors today, William. I am rather tired, and can't be bothered with anyone."

"Very well, sir," said William, and closed the door noiselessly behind him.

The Sunday paper was lying on the table by his chair with his reading glasses. Mr. Varick eased himself into the chair, put on his glasses, and glanced at the headlines. There was nothing there but an account of

T h e C O R A D D I

an airplane crash of the night before, resulting in two fatalities. Underneath was a picture with the caption "Red Demonstration of May 1." Mr. Varick slammed down the paper and turned to the stock page.

As he was about to look for the quotation on the curb market, he was suddenly aware of a man standing in the far corner of the room near the door.

"I thought I told William not to let anyone in," he began irritably—"So you did—so you did," said the stranger smoothly, "so you did."

"Well, what does this mean then," said Mr. Varick. "What do you want?"

"Oh, just thought I'd like to talk to you for a while, Timothy," said the stranger, "just to talk to you about a number of things."

"Well, not about Hobbs," said Timothy.

"No? Why not?" said the stranger, "why not talk about John Hobbs? John Hobbs was a good man."

There in back of the stranger Timothy saw John Hobbs standing as he stood that night in the rain, with a large banner on a pole over his shoulder. He had a thinner face, though, more like the saint in the window, and on his banner the words wiggled about strangely, like snakes.

"A good man," repeated the stranger, and in back of him Timothy heard a small boy giggle.

William outside the door heard Mr. Varick shouting, but he did not pay very much attention. He had been reproved too often for coming in when he heard Mr. Varick's voice, for his master thought out loud all the time. Strange man, but an easy master.

Mr. Varick was indeed shouting at the stranger, "What do you mean coming in here—trying to prove I did something wrong. Well, you probably have done worse than that yourself, you—you young wipper snapper!"

The stranger threw back his head and laughed—"Really, Mr. Varick" then he sobered again. "You and I, Mr. Varick, I think, are going to have plenty of chance to talk about the relative merits of communism and communists—such as Hobbs and Brown."

"I am through discussing Hobbs and Brown," shouted Mr. Varick, "and that's all there is to say. Now get out, and get out quick!"

"Now, Timothy, not so fast," said the stranger. "Why don't you ask me to sit down a while and discuss this?"

"I'm through—clear out before I call William and throw you out," said Mr. Varick.

"No, no you won't call William," said the stranger, and he came

T h e C O R A D D I

nearer to Mr. Varick. As he stepped out of the shadow Mr. Varick noticed that the stranger had something draped over his arm. At first he thought it was a piece of rope. Then he noticed John Hobbs smiling at him. He looked again. God, it wasn't rope at all—it was—the stranger spoke again—"You and John and I will have plenty of time to talk—plenty of time." The small boy in the shadows giggled. God—it was—a tail!

* * * * *

When William came in an hour later to announce dinner, Mr. Varick was still sitting in his chair with the paper open at the stock reports. William said "Your dinner, sir," but there was no answer.

The next Sunday morning in church the pastor turned in the pulpit to face the Sanctuary. He was praying for Timothy Varick. "May his soul and all the souls of the faithful departed in the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

The congregation bowed their heads devoutly—all but Ella Hobbs. She looked up at the stained glass window and smiled.

"Heart!" she said to herself, "Heart—you can't tell me it was his heart! The old buzzard!"

* * * * *

A little boy, after mass, picked up a clod of dirt on a new grave, threw it at the small girl who would not talk to him in church that Sunday, and, as it hit her, he giggled.



Growth

I said that I'd found happiness;
Perhaps you smiled
And hoped I would know grief (confess
You called me child.)

My happiness a bubble, learn
To love, know pain
And exultation, something yearn
For, though in rain.

I like to think it you who planned
That I should grow,
A child who loved your guiding hand,
Who saw you go

And wept, and wept to see you come.
Once more you leave;
But now I cannot weep, and numb,
Cannot believe,

Never believed, that you must go—
Crass selfishness.
I'm grown; there's nothing more to know
But loneliness.

M. D.

Twenty-five Dollars and a Life

By JULIA WATSON

"**O**W years on the roads!" the judge rapped out coldly, impersonally.

"But, Your Honor," it was a youth of nineteen who jerked out his answer in surprise—a boy, slim, fair-skinned, blue eyed—with long, slender hands. "But, Your Honor, that's too much! I only meant to borrow that car for a couple of days! Don't you understand? My mother was sick, and I simply had to go back to New York to see her."

"I understand that you deliberately left town in your employer's delivery truck, and that you remained away for five days. This being your first offense, I had intended letting you off with a twenty-five dollar fine, but since you're not man enough to raise even that small a sum—"

"Your Honor," the boy broke in desperately, "I'm practically a stranger here. If you'd give me a little more time, I'm sure I could find somebody to help—"

"You've had two days and nights. That should have given you sufficient time. But I'm wasting the court's time in this nonsense! Take him away." He turned to address the waiting bailiffs.

As the harsh voice ceased, the boy made one last despairing motion of protest; then dropped his hands to his sides. His face assumed the blankness of a mask. He stood motionless, not heeding the rough hand that fell on his shoulder. Passively he submitted to be led back to his cell. Dumbly he sat down on the edge of his cot and stared into nothingness.

His head throbbed; words beat torturingly into his consciousness: twenty-five dollars—two years—twenty-five dollars—two years.

Six months later, a group of convicts sat, heavily guarded, around an open fire in a prison camp. The leaping flames played over sixty staring countenances—mummy faces, for the most part—whose expressions had been robbed of vitality by weeks of hopeless and unrewarded labor. The white-faced boy alone, sitting on the outskirts of the group, showed any spark of emotion, and this only by the glittering brilliance of his eyes—the restless movements of his narrow hands.

"What's eatin' you, kid?" the reclining, gray-striped figure at his side inquired.

"Nothing," replied the boy wearily, but a tense note of strain underlay his voice.

"Nothin'? What'cha working your hands so hard for, then?"

"Just thinking."

"'Bout what?" the other persisted lazily.

"Oh, leave me alone, can't you!" the youth burst out in sudden fierce passion. "If you want to know, I'm thinking about the thousands of dirty crooks that buy their way out of jail every day! I'm thinking about a boy who didn't have even twenty-five dollars! I'm thinking about the hell I'm going to let loose when I get out of this one! I'm thinking—oh, God, what am I thinking!" His voice ended on a wrenching sob, and he buried his burning face in his thin hands.

Ten years from that day a judge in a large city faced a man on trial for his life—a man young in years, but old, very old, in countenance. Bitter lines were stretched on a face that must have been once smooth and fair. Long, slim hands plucked at the corners of a hard mouth.

"Robert Marshall, you have been found guilty of the murder of one George Whitney, merchant, who discovered you as you attempted to rob his vault, and whom you shot. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Plenty. But it wouldn't do any good. What's the sentence?"

"It is this: In accordance with statute 4-3-1-9 of the laws of this state, you are hereby sentenced, upon the thirty-first of this month of May, to be hanged by the neck until dead. And may God have mercy on your soul!"

Silently the prisoner allowed his jailers to lead him away. Back in his cell he lay down calmly on his narrow cot—eyes closed, lips closed in a sardonic smile. In his thoughts he saw once more a slim, fair-skinned boy standing for the first time before the bar of justice. Justice! The smile on his lips deepened. He saw that same boy seated in the flickering light of a prison camp-fire—death in his soul and darkness around him. He saw that boy—a man now—standing over a still form, the glinting steel of a revolver in his hand. And then, the picture of a man receiving a sentence of death he saw, but this only dimly.

The picture of the boy stood out distinctly. And curiously, inexplicably, a distant refrain beat into his consciousness—twenty-five dollars—two years—twenty-five dollars—and a life—.

The Song of the Harp

By FIONNE MACMONRA

I SING of Deirdre, who had more beauty than a man could dream of, and more sorrow than a man could bear. Some say she died, and some say she could not; and I say there will never be a time when poets have stopped their songs to her. Never has Ireland known such a queen, who has known more queens than kings and more kings than giants, and more giants than aught else but the wee folk. Some say that she died, and some that she will never die, and I believe these last, for listen:

I

Sorrow
Draws the ocean to the shore
And back again,
And there are many
Who walk
The lengthless wet sands
Between the two
Knowing nothing
But their own vast loneliness,
Till sorrow, pitying,
Sends one wave,
Larger than the rest
And drowns them;
Some there are, that sorrow
Sends waves always, but cannot drown
However much they seek it.
Of such is Deirdre.

II

THE WIND

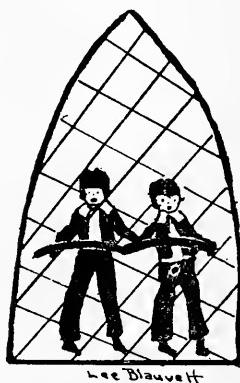
Why else
Should I keen
From land's end to land's end
Forever,
Save that Deirdre
Being queen
Has a grief
Too proud for Keening?

T h e C O R A D D I

III

THE GRASS

And
Why else
Should we sway,
Always
Bending with the wind
Save that proud queens
Never bend in grieving,
And Deirdre,
Is the proudest of them all,
As well as the most beautiful?



Torture

For each there is a separate hell,
And no man's is the same.
For him who tends the slag pit's fire
A hell of slag and flame,
And for the guilty many eyes
To turn on him in blame.

To him who wanders in the snow
A hell of snow and ice,
And for the sailor in the storm
The dark and wind suffice.
The sinner's soul is tortured by
The thought of Paradise.

Each man prepares in his own mind
His punishment and pain.
The shadowed tortures ring him round
As in the madman's brain.
And when his walls of torture fail,
He builds them up again.

ELIZABETH ANNE BLOCK



AS WE SEE IT

WRITING is hard work. Writers from time to time in different ages have let the world know that good writing did not spring, like Athena, full born from the brain of Jove. Poetry does not write itself, nor do novels flow freely and unencouraged from the pen of the writer. A great deal of planning, investigation, real work, and revision go into a smoothly-written piece of material. Writing is a craft which is based on certain fundamental principles and it is never easy to work by rules.

To say that "the only excuse for writing is something to say" is repetition. Beauty of expression should be a cloak about a definite idea. To have something to say and to say it well is the culmination of art. In the full development of a theme through the medium of rhythmical language may come real joy. One finds a certain zest in writing and cutting in such a way that the reader sees clearly what the writer has tried to say. And clarity and proper emphasis can be obtained only through working out the idea before one writes.

Be sure before you attempt to write that you have something to say, and if it is worth saying it is worth saying well.



Lee Blauvelt

Restoration

How can they be so beautiful,
The colors of the sky,
So brave and gay, so glorious
At sunset, as they die?
They leave me empty, desolate,
And unsubmissive to their fate.

The whole night through my heart cries out
And scorns not to protest
That life should have, so soon, an end;
But dawn, who thinks it best
That I should not a cynic be,
My colors from the night sets free.

M. D.



HAVE YOU READ---

THE LAUGHING PIONEER. *By Paul Green.*

Paul Green, better known as a playwright than as a novelist, has written under the title *The Laughing Pioneer* a novel quite as compelling as the play *In Abraham's Bosom*. It is a very readable book; certain apparent inconsistencies serve to amuse rather than to detract; an example of that is in the scene showing the visiting preacher provoked by the icy calmness of Miss Alice. "Well, yes, that's it," and Brother McCulloughs stood up." Ten lines farther down, "I said, that was all. Good day." But still Brother McCulloughs kept his seat." Nothing indicates his having sat down, in fact the intervening conversation would require his standing if he once did get up. The setting of the new book is in the Piedmont section of North Carolina. The heroine, Miss Alice, is the daughter of old Judge Long, a Southern gentleman whose soul as everyone knew had "gone sour and fermented in its jug." Living in a dilapidated old mansion she had grown up in a "mould of pride and restriction." For years Miss Alice and Rorie Armstrong, the last son of another deteriorated family, have been keeping company. One day there wanders into the community a laughing, singing fellow, considered a vagabond by the neighbors. The old judge heartily dislikes Danny, as the visitor calls himself. He becomes the handy man around the house and later assumes control of the farm, having been hired by Miss Alice. On his death-bed the judge draws from his daughter the promise that she will marry Rorie. After her father's death, Miss Alice becomes a new person; she defies Rorie and the warning of her neighbors in order to be near Danny. Her willing sacrifice is useless because of Danny's indifference, feigned or genuine. Even at the end there was little outward display of grief on the part of Danny. The last scene shows him with his guitar around his neck, going down the road whence he came, taking with him the youth who tells the story.

Margaret Yount

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. By Catherine MacDonald MacLean. New York, 1932. Viking Press.

It is well that literature sometimes is unwilling to allow people less talented in her field to lose their identity in the triumph of those greater geniuses whom they have helped to fame. This charmingly intimate glimpse into the life of Dorothy Wordsworth convinces students of her poet brother of her sweetening, softening influences so inextricably bound up with and so surely leading up to his great place in English literature.

But first, in Dorothy's own life we see the silent hand that moulds great things. We see her pitying, questioning eyes on the wanderers among the hills—on the blind man and the patient bow-backed carrier, the cripple riding on his donkey, the old rag man driven by the wind whipping his thin scarlet rags; we see her happy sympathy for and proudless identity with the humble friends that surrounded her—old Molly and wise old Aggy thinking so gravely on Death, Peggy Ashburner and John Fisher, young Sally and George Dawson, the finest young man in Grasmere; her tender love for William's children—lame Catherine and Sissy, blue-eyed Tom, and John, the oldest; her deep adoration for and believing worship in Wordsworth's and Coleridge's genius; her love and youthful zest for living—living beautifully and abundantly. All these were making the person, Dorothy, lovely and good, were making her intensely capable of life for herself and thus intensely capable of life for another's genius.

Hannah Willis

OLD WINE AND NEW. By Warwick Deeping. 1932. 387p. \$2.50.
Knopf, New York.

Like Sorrell and Son, Warwick Deeping's *Old Wine and New* is a character study. Spencer Scarsdale is a critic returned from the war to be dismissed from his job. He meets a heartless woman who takes all his money but does not return his love. When he is forced to take cheaper rooms in a new locality, he becomes acquainted with the woman who helps him write his masterpiece. In the life he leads with her, he learns reality.

Spencer Scarsdale is a middle-aged and slightly helpless man. He behaves like a gentleman with endearing childlike qualities. It is necessary for him to go through a period of economical, physical and mental

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depression before he gets his reward in the end. This book will appeal to those who like "romantic struggles and happy endings."

Although the title of the book is *Old Wine and New*, it is the new wine which Scarsdale tastes first. "Julia and Eleanor; youth, crude and greedy, woman in the ripeness of her wisdom. Raw April, wide-eyed June."

This book, moving in its portrayal of human nature, would have been the author's best, if Warwick Deeping had not written *Sorrell and Son*.

Catherine McIver



Lemon or Raspberry a la Hemingway

Based on "Cat in the Rain"

THEY lived there alone in the small house. It was an old house. They were old people. The old lady sat by the fire. She was cutting out paper dolls. They were pretty paper dolls dressed in pink and blue. The shadows of the fire flickered on the dark walls. A glowing log fell from its place, shooting sparks. The old lady stared at the log. She stared at the flying sparks.

"I want a lolly-pop," said the old lady.

"Go and get one," muttered the old man from the *chaise longue*.

"I will," she answered.

The old man continued counting his false teeth.

"I like raspberry," he shouted.

The old lady put on her goloshes and went out into the bright spring morning. A manx cat sauntered along the fence rail. The green door of the corner grocery stood open. The old lady walked in and stared at the fat groceryman. She liked his florid nose. She liked his plump, hairy arms. She liked his double chin. She liked his flabby cheeks. Liking him she walked out of the store and down the street.

Walking home, she felt very proud and happy. Something inside sang like a steam engine. She wanted to skip and turn cart-wheels. When she reached the old house, she pushed open the gate and walked in. Henry was on the *chaise longue*.

"Where's mine?" he cried, paring his toe-nails.

"I forgot it."

"Why?"

"I saw the grocer. And I did want a lolly-pop, a lemon lolly-pop. One I could lick all day, and maybe the next day."

Henry was reading *True Story*.

"I like raspberry."

The old lady sat by the fire. It was almost out.

"I don't like pink paper dolls. I like lemon lolly-pops. I think spinach is fine, and I want a copy of Edgar Guest."

"Nuts," murmured Henry.

"I don't care, I certainly did like him."

There was a tap at the window. She turned around and smiled. At the window stood the fat grocer with a flat iron in his hand.

K. BONITZ

The Art of Bluffing

SINCE there has been on campus such a widespread discussion of the gentle art of bluffing the United Daughters in Bluffing feel it upon themselves to rise to the defense of this ancient and noble profession. We feel that the practice of bluffing has been abused and misused until it has reached a lowly place in college life.

The U. D. B. maintains that bluffing develops character. One's self confidence is certainly increased if a situation in class is met successfully by a bluff. Individuality is developed when you are required to answer a question about which you know nothing, and what could be more individual than some of the answers given? A spirit of altruism and consideration for teachers and for other students is developed when a successful bluff is made. A teacher may be bluffing himself and is thus saved the embarrassment of displaying his own ignorance. If by chance he does know the right answer, and you, equally by chance, should give the right answer, they are saved embarrassment by your lack of knowledge. Again consideration is shown when you (the bluffer) provide motivation for staying awake on class.

You are considerate of other students when you do not go to the library, thus monopolizing important books and space and when you fail to display your superior intelligence and greater fund of knowledge when attending class.

Another important benefit of bluffing is the time saved which might ordinarily be wasted studying and which now can be devoted to a full pursuit of your regular college activities. What could be more important than going to the grill, or down town, to the show, or shopping? Despite lecturers' continual warnings you often forget that college is the place where you can enjoy life to its fullest extent; that never again will you have so much leisure; and is enjoyment to be found in books? No, we, the U. D. B. declare, emphatically, no.

Last, and most important of all, we say that bluffing is education for life. True education is living, and what is life but meeting many many emergency situations, and adjusting to them? Bluffing, we declare, is nothing but meeting emergency situations as they arise.

Therefore we, the U. D. B., hold that bluffing is an art of a high order, and should be given its due place in the realm of learning.

A. COOGAN, EDNA MILLER

The Adventurer

GRANDMA rocked slowly back and forth in her chair. From time to time she looked up from the book she was reading to contemplate the child on the bed beside her. He had broken his leg again, trying to fly an aeroplane that he had made himself. Now he was lying quietly, looking at the great mountain of bed-clothes and wondering where, in all those trappings, was his leg. Then his eyes wandered about the room. Being sick was rather like an adventure. He saw and heard things that he had never noticed before: the cracked plaster in the corner and the monotonous squeak of Grandma's chair as she rocked funny he had never noticed that squeak. Grandma always sat there just as she was sitting now—reading. He tried to make out the title of her book, but she was too far away. But it was no matter; he knew what it would be—an adventure story. It seemed to him that Grandma must always have lived in this house and sat in that chair, rocking back and forth and reading adventure stories. And yet, she must once have been a little girl. Perhaps she had tried to fly an aeroplane. He wondered if she had ever broken her leg.

"Grandma," he pleaded, struck by this new idea, "tell me a story. Not about the people in your books. Tell me a story about your own adventures."

The old lady marked her place in her book and then closed it and put it on the table beside her. "I have never had an adventure, Bobby. Here, let me tell you about the book I just finished," she said picking up another book from the table.

"Never, Grandma?" asked the little boy, disregarding both her action and her last statement. "Never?"

"Never," she answered bitterly, rocking back and forth with more vigor than before. But in a moment, her bitterness was gone, and when she spoke, it was with her usual tone of complete resignation. "I was born in a quiet little town in the middle west. Nothing ever happened there, and I longed to get away. If I could only get to New York, I thought, there I would be sure to find adventure; so I worked hard and earned enough money to take me there.

"I was twenty-two when I finally got to New York. After three weeks of 'job-hunting,' I finally found a place as a dancer. It was a very daring thing to do in those days, and I thought that here, at last, I should find adventure. But there was no adventure there for me. I danced and danced until I was good enough for my audience, and then I danced for my audience. There was certainly no adventure in that.

T h e C O R A D D I

"I met your Grandfather when I was on the stage. He said that he knew the first time he saw me that I was not like the other dancers (I suppose I still had that small-town look). He wasn't young (he was nine years older than I), nor was he particularly good looking. He had money—not enough to be exciting—too much to have the stimulation of poverty. After our marriage, life went on with the same monotony as before. Your Grandfather died when your Father was ten, but life went on after that with hopeless smoothness. I used to hope for a war; and, when it came, I entered a great hospital as a nurse. But there was no adventure there—just dirt and pain and blood. I found only work, work, work. Not even in war could I find adventure! After that, I stopped hunting for adventures, and now I just read about those of others."

"Gee," gasped the little boy in wide-eyed wonder, "that's too bad. Why, I have had lots of adventures and I'm only nine. I have flown an aeroplane that I made myself, and broken my leg, and ridden in an ambulance—all in one week, too."

SUSANNE KETCHUM



Nonsense

If things were only what they seem
I'd hang a swing on two close stars
And drop it from a stellar beam
With heavy chains and stalwart bars.

Then over space I'd palpitate
Wildly screaming just to see
The worlds which people say "rotate,"
Like spinning marbles under me.

"JIMMIE"

On Behavior in Chapel

MY freshman friends, it is to you that I would give a bit of advice on that delicate subject, chapel behavior. I remember with what confusion I at first debated the real significance of the chapel exercises, and I am determined that you shall be enlightened on the subject at once. The secret of real chapel enjoyment is this: Don't take the programs seriously. Don't waste your time listening to the speakers; if they have anything worth while to say, you can read all about it later in the *Carolinian*.

The chapel period is intended primarily for a recreation time. Since the college authorities cannot see that each individual student gets sufficient rest at night, they provide for at least two hours each week which the entire student body may use for perfect relaxation. Enjoy yourself during chapel. Forget your worries. Forget your manners. Forget everything and be natural. There is nothing so soothing to worn nerves. Obey those pent up impulses. Kick your enemy who sits in the row in front of you—she'll never know who did it. And be sure, above all things, to applaud the ministers on Tuesdays, just as you have always wanted to do in church but never quite dared.

Some of the most pleasant social gatherings on the campus take place during the few minutes before chapel begins. There is no other occasion quite so satisfying for visits. Save up all the latest gossip and news to tell your friends then. Don't mind being a few minutes late in getting to your seat; the later the program begins, the shorter time it can last.

If you can concentrate in noisy surroundings, you will find chapel very convenient for preparing lessons left until the last minute. Or better still, develop your originality and wit by making clever remarks about the speaker and what he has to say. Let everybody around you see how smart you are.

But the very best way to spend chapel periods is to catch up on sleep. Music programs are especially suitable; since the lights are out no one can see that you are asleep, and the music will cover your snoring. Be sure, however, to awake in time to take part in the most popular athletic contest on the campus—the eight hundred yard dash from the auditorium to the dining room.

And, my friends, if you will heed this well-intended advice, I feel sure that you will find chapel attendance a pleasant as well as a beneficial occupation.

PHOEBE JANE BOBBITT

Sonnet

Think not your carelessness has left a stain
Upon my heart that I cannot erase.
In your keen beauty and your facile brain
I do admit that I have found some grace.
But I have loved before, will love again.
I merely walk with you a little space,
Remembering some former joy or pain
In every nimble changing of your face.
You are much less to me than small, red leaf
Of creeper in the honeysuckle vine,
And yet my soul is tortured past belief
At watching your sure hands veined blue and fine.
 I am as one struck sudden dumb and blind.
 How well the aching heart deceives the mind.

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